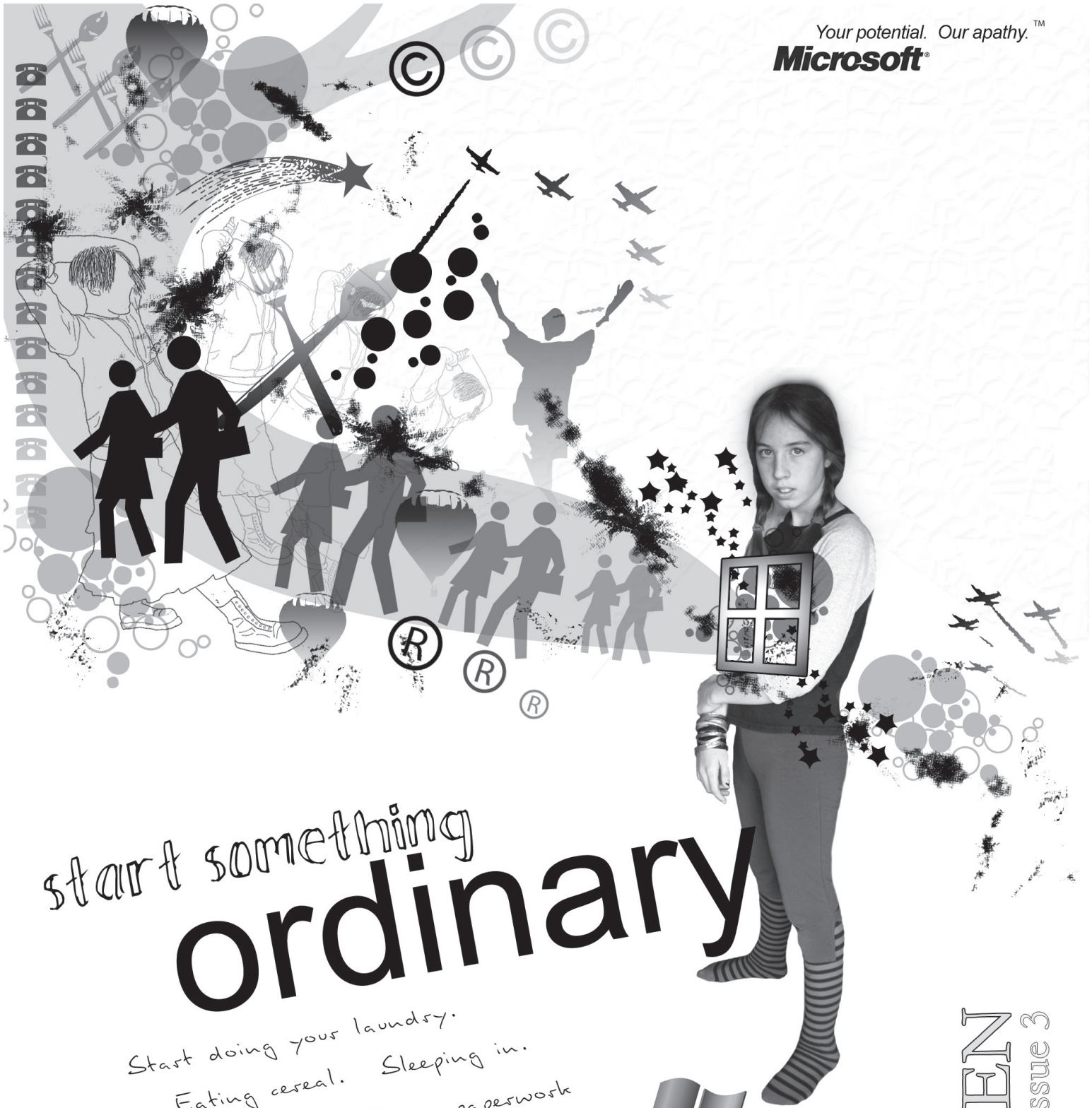


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# start something ordinary

Start doing your laundry.  
Eating cereal. Sleeping in.  
Reading the news. Doing paperwork  
Start making a routine for your life.



**Windows<sup>xp</sup>**

With a world of software and devices that run on **Windows XP**, you have no choice but to be ordinary. Go to [windows.com](http://windows.com) and sulk about how you wish you had a Mac.

the OMEN  
volume 26 • issue 3



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## omen

## to submit

Volume 26, Issue 3

March 3rd, 2006

### layout & editing

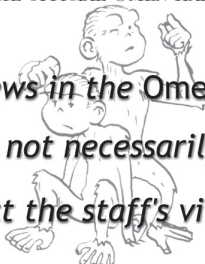
Kelsey Freeman	Chinchilla attack
Linnaea Furlong	Asphyxiation by cupcake
Peter Gray	Goose down booby trap
Serena Himmelfarb	Smothering by fatties
Jacob Lefton	Poison meringue
Molly McLeod	Stuffed animal avalanche
Stephen Morton	Allergic reaction to cashmere
Michael Petersen	Heart attack by 16-year-old girl's skin

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

*Views in the Omen* (5)

*Do not necessarily* (7)

*Reflect the staff's views* (5)



*Front Cover by:*

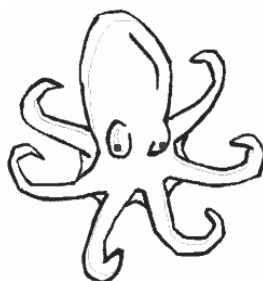
Molly McLeod

*Back Cover by:*

Andrew Flanagan

*Cook:*

Linnaea Furlong



Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, x4371. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to [jwl04@hampshire.edu](mailto:jwl04@hampshire.edu)

**And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.**

**Visit the Omen's barely updated website! [omen.hampshire.edu](http://omen.hampshire.edu)**

These scones look like Dick Cheny shot them!

- Aliya Bonar, on cooking raspberry scones

# SANCTITY OF LIFE

## Editorial

by Jacob Lefton, Editor-in-Chief

Leafing through the internet, I just realized that we missed a very important holiday. Rewind a month and a bit, ok? Close your eyes, open your mouth, and get ready for a big surprise. We are being transported back in time to January 22, 2006.

Happy National Sanctity of Life Day!

“Our Nation,” says our esteemed president, George W. Bush, “was founded on the belief that every human being has rights, dignity, and value [...] we underscore our commitment to building a culture of life where all individuals are welcomed in life and protected in law.”

Because really, if you’re a woman, your life is less valuable than the collection of cells in your womb that will take on average, \$180,000 and the next eighteen years of your life to raise, not including college. How’s that for your life having rights, dignity, and value? How’s that for the American Dream of Freedom?

But why bring this up now? Who cares? That was a month ago in some far off fantasy-land of meaningless politics that we don’t have to pay any attention to. I mean, South Dakota just voted to ban abortion.

Wait, what?

South Dakota, you mean the state with two Democrat Senators and one Democrat Representative to the U.S. Congress?

Governor Bill Rounds says, “I’ve indicated I’m pro-life, and I do believe abortion is wrong and that we should do everything we can to save lives... If this bill accomplishes that, then I am inclined to sign the bill into law.”

This bill will land a doctor in jail for up to five years for performing an abortion unless it is intended to save a woman’s life. It gives a rapist the same rights to the child as the mother. We live in a country founded on a belief that every human being is equal. Only, some are more equal than others. Some can dictate what others can do

with their body, and unfortunately it’s always been that way.

When I was five, my parents’ friend Tanya sat me down and said to me, “You’re the only one who has any right over your body.”

I’ve found that there are a disturbingly small number of people who are told that, even here.

Governor Rounds, with all due respect, you have no right to tell anyone, other than yourself, what they can and cannot do with their body. Can we say it in words that are any more simple?

And Mr. Bush, how can you say you want to build a culture of life when your administration doesn’t count the dead civilians, the innocent that you say you care so much about? When you condone killing criminals who have obviously been reformed? How can you say that every human being has rights, dignity, and value when you support stripping someone of the dignity and right to control their own physical body?

You can’t, Mr. President. You are endangering human spirit and human life in your attempt to sanctify it. You are oppressing and destroying, in your attempt to save.

I feel like Princess Leah in the first Star Wars movie spoke for all the oppressed when she said to Grand Moff Tarkin, “The more you tighten your grip... the more [we] will slip through your fingers.”

Columnist Mark Morford echos this when he writes, “any attempt to outlaw a woman’s spiritually and karmically-empowered right to terminate her own reproductive cycle... simply results more harm to women, more of the infamous, potentially deadly back-alley abortions featuring the ubiquitous coat hanger...”

I know it’s too late to celebrate National Sanctity of Life Day, but next year, hell, even tomorrow, let’s seize that word and that day. Live every day like it’s National Sanctity of Life Day. And when I say life is sacred, I mean your life, my life, today, now. Treat those in front of you with utmost respect. It’s the only real, human way to live.



# policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire’s longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students’ perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person’s reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write (except

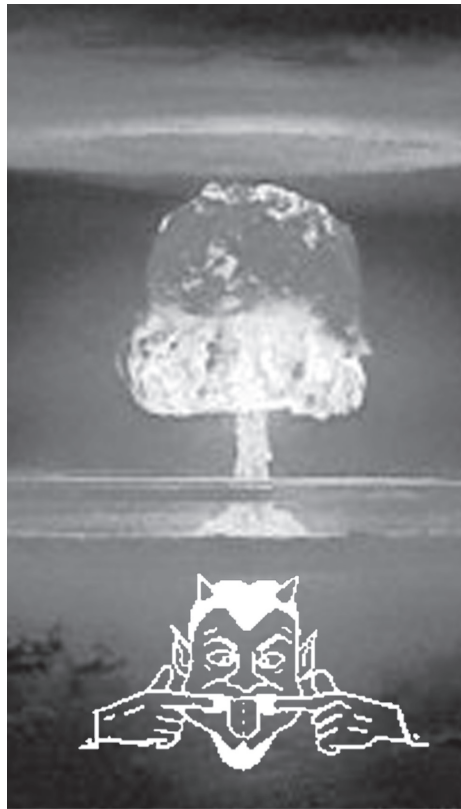
spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.







# SECTION HATE

**We hate so  
you don't  
have to.**



## Some Things I Have Typed While Writing School Papers - or - When I Die, Donate My Corpse to Heavy Metal

\* Under those conditions, can love be more than fanatical attachment? Even the animated paperclip is scratching its head. Can you hear me, animated paperclip? I love you, and I don't care who knows. You rascal. It's not even a joke, I really am feeling love for the funny dancing paperclip. Isn't the line between "human" and "computer generated" just an artificial construction anyway? I don't know how, animated paperclip, but we're going to make this work.

\* She exposes the world of literature as competing systems of symbols which have no material correspondent. Fucking stupid writing program. How am I going to get better when they don't let me in the class? Shitholes.

\* WHHHAAAATTT TTTTTHHH-  
HEEEEE FFFFFUUUUUCCCCCK-  
KKK!111!! KILL ME NOW WITH  
DAGGERSSSSSS!!!!!! OKAYY!!!

\* We cannot find a suitable replacement in the flesh parade of Holyoke girls boozing through 42.

\* A gunshot cracks the air. His head smashes against the keyboard as the life gushes out of him in hot torrents from a gaping chest wound just below the heart. The exit wound is massive, the 50 caliber round having forced half the left lung, portions of the left ventricle and all surrounding bone and tissue matter into the air in an atomized cloud, which hung for a moment then settled onto every surface within a meter outward forming a thin red film which almost immediately became sticky to the touch. The shock to the heart from the impact of the round transformed the erstwhile organ into

a gelatinous mass that slid out of the chest cavity onto the Formica surface of his desk, where it hit with a sickening wet slapping sound and quivered like half-formed Jell-O for an instant before settling into the shape of a miniature Ayers Rock, with its subterranean juices seeping out onto the surrounding plains to the edge of the desk, dripping onto a growing wet dark spot on the carpet below. Little chunks of shredded and pulverized former human cellular mass slid down the computer screen, congealing in the spaces between the keys. As endorphins shot through his brain mass in no particular organized fashion, seeking to ease the transition, the reptilian brain like an haywire capacitor sent electric shocks throughout his nervous system. He'd never danced so beautifully. A moment or two later all tension was released from the series of sphincters along his lower digestive tract, leaking a chunky and oh-so-foul and familiar smelling half-solid stream of shit-juice into the chair cushion until it became mostly saturated with the stuff. And yes, he pissed his pants as well. The last electrical impulses to shoot across the cerebral cortex carried with it this fragmented thought: "Why? Why did I type that bullshit?"

\* Additionally, if he chooses to align himself politically with the natives, his zealous rhetoric only irritates his fellow colonists and inspires boredom in the colonized, who can accept him as neither leader nor peer and would not piss up his ass if his guts were on fire.



# I Hate the internets

My life will be eaten by the internet yet.

It's a dangerous thing, the internet. Today, I discovered that our tunes had been patched and worked with the most recent versions of iTunes. This caused me to proceed to spend entirely too long going through the libraries of everyone I saw on the network, and finding nuggets of goodness. Five gigabytes of nuggets of goodness. Which then needed to be added to my own iTunes library.

I will never get this time back. My life is now missing several hours, and it's all because of the unholy fusion of the internet and music.

This is not the only way the internet consumes my life. There's also Wikipedia. Wikipedia is like Galadriel, if she took the one ring: "beautiful and terrible as the Morning and the Night. Fair as the Sea and the Sun and the Snow upon the Mountain! Dreadful as the Storm and the Lightning! Stronger than the foundations of the earth." I love it, and I despair. It dangles such lovely, lovely knowledge over me, and then traps me with it's many interconnected hyperlinks. I go in to look up one simple thing, say, for instance, the idea of Melancholy. I am soon led into reading about the other three humors, various people associated with the "cult of melancholia" in 17th century England, and the major works and ideas associated with those people. That's probably an hour right there, and that doesn't cover the even more tangential readings I get into based on those links.

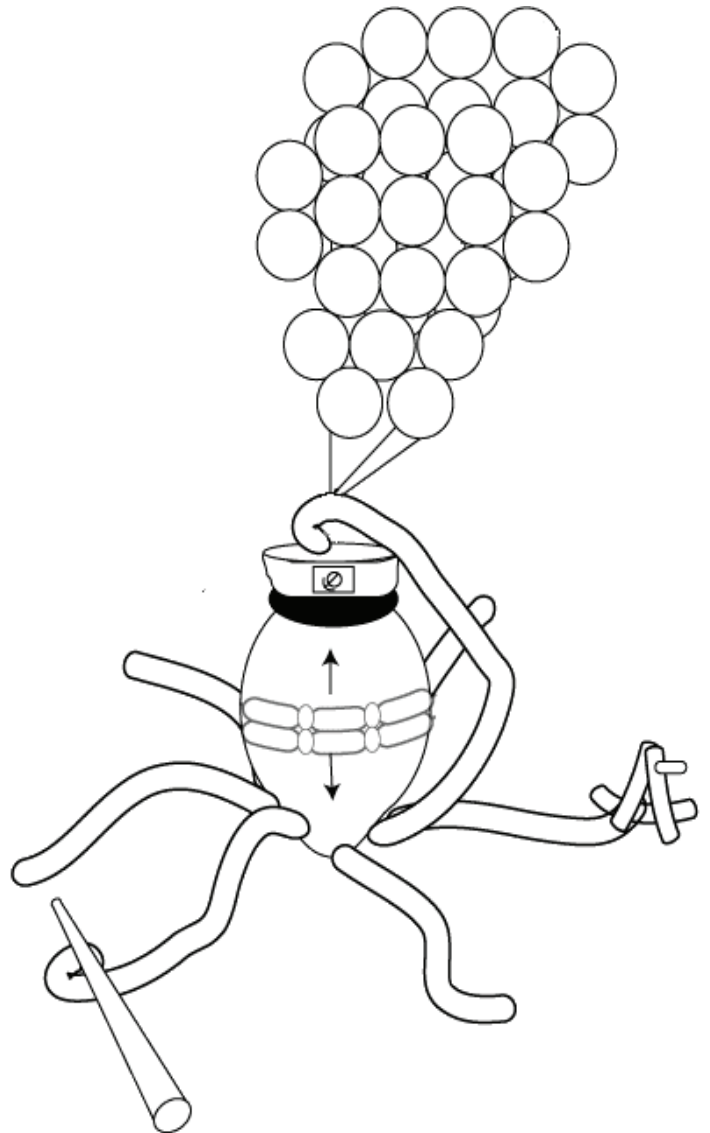
Other dangerous topics include, but are not limited to: linguistics, music, philosophy, obscure religions. It's just a dangerous place to be.

The central hub of my internetting experience is, however, Livejournal. What Livejournal lacks in single sitting length, it makes up for in being continuously updated.

I propose we, as a society, either destroy the internet or hurry up and invent a more efficient way to access digital data, like downloading it to a flash memory implant in my brain.

The second is preferable.

In other exciting news, Google's built in spell checker knows the word automagically.



# SECTION SPEAK

## Central Records Apology

My most recent article ("O Hampshire, Listen to My Words of Criticism") harped on a number of institutions at Hampshire, foremost of these Central Records. I said a number of things that were based in truth but were exaggerated for effect, and others that were simply inferred on my part (and incorrect). I assumed it would be understood that the article was not entirely serious, but now realize that some may not have understood that. However the article was taken by its readers, it was not my intent to hurt the women working at Central Records; rather, I sought to entertain my peers. Whatever the success of my attempts at entertainment, I know realize that my tirade may have crossed the line. The women at Central Records certainly are a vital part of this campus, and many times have served me both pleasantly and quickly. I would like to thank these women, and apologize for what they may have felt was a personal attack against them. Please accept my apology for any slights you may have felt due to the things I wrote in the last issue.

- JS Hilliard

## Community Health of the Week

### What is Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD)?

*Sarah Grossman, student staff, The Community Health Collaborative*

- affects approximately half a million people during the winter, and can begin during fall and last until the spring
- often called winter depression, winter blues, or hibernation reaction
- associated with mood swings and depression, and can also cause tiredness, irritability, body aches, poor sleep, overeating, and loss of sex drive
- the lack of sunlight during winter months effects the biochemical balance in the brain
- it has only been recognized as a medical condition since 1985
- January and February are often the most difficult months for people who suffer from SAD
- more common in women than in men

#### Treatments:

- exposure to sunlight, by taking walks or sitting closer to windows
- if symptoms are more severe, then light therapy (phototherapy) may help
- light therapy involves sitting in front of a special full spectrum light for 20-30 minutes each day, preferably in the morning
- it has been suggested that exposure to sunlight affects the body's production of the hormones serotonin, which helps maintain a positive mood, and melatonin, which effects sleep, aging, reproduction, and regulates the production of many other hormones in the body.

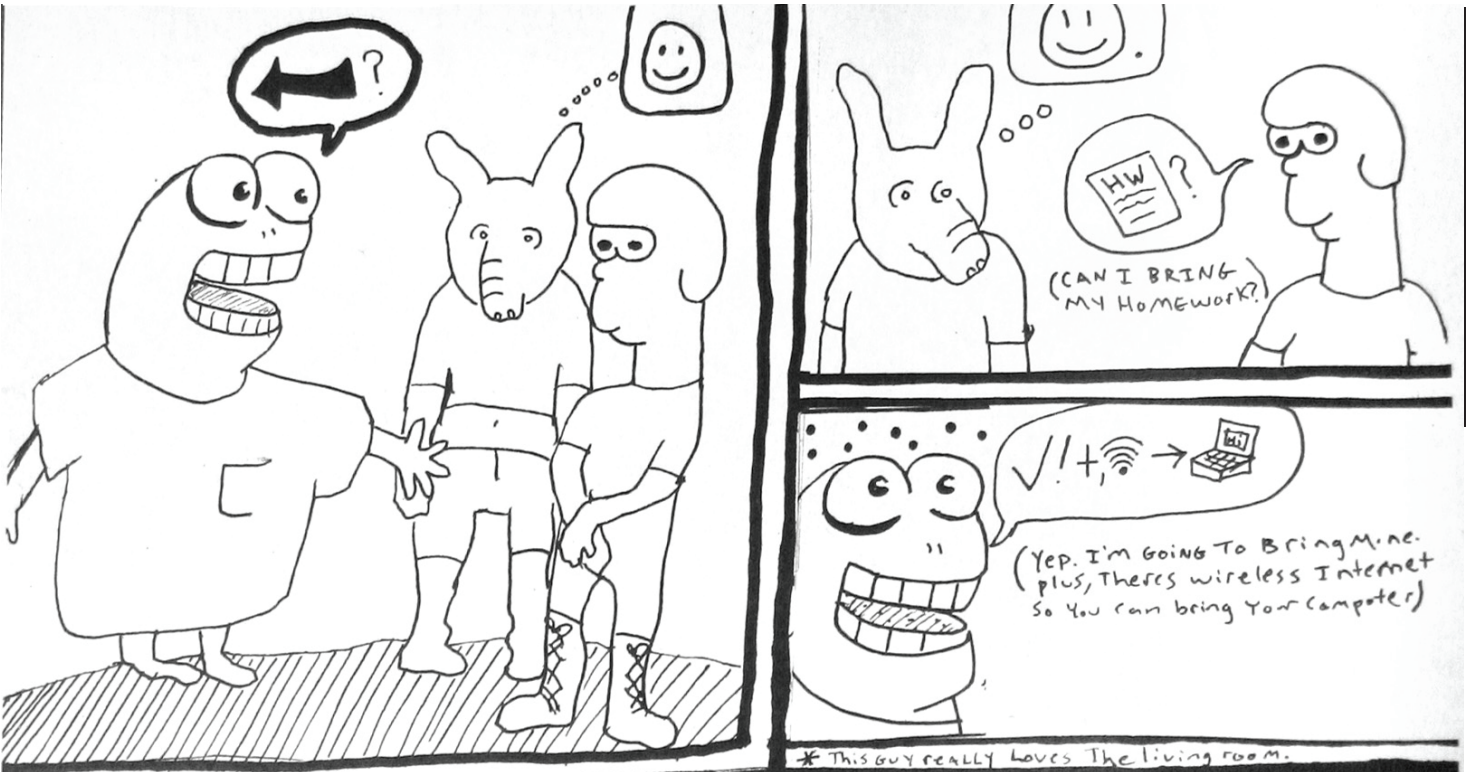
**Come use the light box at  
Community Health Collaborative!**

*(located in Enfield above the Women's Center, next to the basketball court)*

**Available Monday through Friday from 9 to 4 pm.**

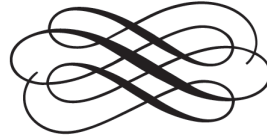
**News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.**





# WHAT NEW ENGLAND GAVE THE WORLD

*Or: Wacky facts about this place you currently call home*



## Part I: The Chocolate Chip faux pas

by Peter Gray



Have you ever wondered about where chocolate chip cookies came from? Or even where chocolate chips came from? Probably not, since you were too busy gobbling up those delicious morsels or lurking around a cooling freshly baked batch in a desirous delirium.

The history of the chocolate chip cookie and chocolate chips themselves began at the Toll House Inn near Whitman Massachusetts in 1937. Ruth Graves Wakefield was making a batch of Butter Drop Do cookies when she discovered she had run out of baker's chocolate. In a Pre-chocolate chip cookie world cocoa powder was mixed directly into batter to add flavor. She instead substituted by breaking up a bar of Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate, assuming that the chocolate chunks would melt and mix with the batter as intended.

She ended up being wrong and her plan to make a batch of Butter Drop Do cookies failed, creating something that would revolutionize the cookie world. The result was an instant hit, making Ruth a local celebrity. Sales of Nestle's Semi-Sweet bars skyrocketed as the recipe spread nationwide. It wasn't too soon before Andrew Nestle himself approached Ruth with an offer to better capitalize off the chocolate chip cookie mania. Nestle offered to produce chocolate chips, thus simplifying the process of cutting up a bar, and taking the name of the place they were created. Thus, Nestle Toll House Morsels were born. In return, Ruth was given lifetime's supply of Nestle Chocolate. Soon other companies began to capitalize off of the popularity of the new cookie and the 'chocolate chip' became a generic term but no less delicious. 🐑





# Myths About Sodexho

I love urban legends, and I've been collecting various stories about the Hampshire cafeteria that simply AREN'T TRUE. Here are some things that people have heard from friends-of-friends, and claimed were absolutely true:

Myth: Saga puts laxatives in the food.

Reality: Of course they don't! Saga may give some people indigestion, but this is most likely a result of eating too much icecream, pizza, and pasta.

Myth: The scrambled eggs come in powder form, and aren't even 'real' eggs.

Reality: They actually come in liquid form in cartons. They are real eggs, just premixed and pasteurized to save time and decrease the risk of salmonella poisoning.

Myth: When the students like a dish and eat a lot of it, Sodexho takes it off the menu to save money.

Reality: That one is truly ridiculous. The cafeteria workers don't keep track of how much of a dish students eat, believe it or not we're too busy doing our jobs. The menu for Sodexho is the same nation-wide, and is not determined by the popularity of each dish with the students of Hampshire College. I know that the cooks at our particular cafeteria do care about making good food, and they are well-trained chefs. Really though, if the popular dishes were taken off the menu, we wouldn't have tater-tots every single Saturday morning, right?

Myth: The frozen yogurt machine and all the yogurt are donated by Stonyfield Farms because the owner is a Hampshire alumni.

Reality: There is a Hampshire alumni involved with Stonyfield Farms yogurt, but there has been no donation, and that is not the source of the frozen yogurt.

Myth: The maple syrup isn't really anything but colored corn-syrup.

Reality: While it isn't 100% pure, natural maple syrup, it is maple-flavored syrup,

with natural and artificial flavors. I read the bottle.

Myth: Saga alters the starch content in the food.

Reality: This is like the laxative myth, but more ridiculous. How/why would saga put extra starch into all the dishes? THERE IS NO CONSPIRACY TO GIVE YOU INDIGESTION!

I'm sharing these urban legends with you all because

I think they're hilarious.

I'm sick of hearing people spread around the conspiracy theories of the Hampshire cafeteria. I work at the cafeteria for work-study, I enjoy my job, and I like the food!

If you have other stories you've heard, or made up, or rumors that you want me to check out, or if you have issues with any of the explanations

I've given above, pretty please drop me a line?

fcm04@hampshire.edu



Enjoy a  
Variety  
of Foods



# Control Panel

The Omen's Control Panel is a long-standing tradition of bringing up issues that are affecting our community. We ask members of the community who have knowledge about a particular topic to come together and converse about the issue, how it affects them, and how it affects the community. In previous years, topics have included veganism, the school store, cultural appropriation and anything else that may tickle our fancy. Our intention is to raise awareness of something in our environment that may influence our everyday lives, and to start constructive conversations on campus.

As far back as Ancient Rome, there has been graffiti. We know this from the excavation of Pompeii and all the graffiti found there. Graffiti carved into Pompeii's walls, as Wikipedia informs us, "offer... a direct insight into street life: everyday Latin, insults, magic, love declarations, political consigns." Graffiti from other cultures has also been found, including but not limited to the Mayans, Vikings, and Napoleonic French soldiers.

Today, graffiti is an issue faced by many cities, college campuses, and public places worldwide. There are many different types of graffiti, ranging from mere tagging to expansive murals. It is also viewed in many different ways. Some see graffiti as an art form aimed at self expression, creativity, and beautification, while others view it as a quality of life crime, vandalism, or marking of territory.

There have been efforts here at Hampshire College, as has been done in various other cities, to create spaces specifically designated for public art. These spaces include the wall outside the Art Barn and a wall in the Dakin oven room. The oven room had to be shut down earlier this year because of abuse to the space, with paint appearing on surfaces and objects not set aside for art, including food inside the fridge.

The people we ask to be on a Control Panel are as diverse a group as possible, many points of view and opinions to the table. Constructing a panel about graffiti was difficult, because we didn't know anyone who would step forward and say, "Yes, I do graffiti, and here's why." Because we've heard the most about graffiti is taking place in Dakin, our panelists are from Dakin house.



*A sample of graffiti found on the Hampshire campus*

Our panelists are:

Glenn Cambo - Custodian, with eight years of experience in Dakin House

Josiah Litant - Former intern and Dakin House Secretary, currently Student Activities Coordinator in the SDCL

Katie Sosin - Dakin House Intern

Aliya Bonar - Hampshire Student

**If you have insights about graffiti and public art on campus, and would like to join this conversation, please send your thoughts to Jacob at [jwl04@hampshire.edu](mailto:jwl04@hampshire.edu), Box 953, or Merrill B307 by March 11th.**

**Any community member is welcome to participate in a Control Panel or suggest ideas for one.**

**Jacob** “What can we do on Campus to have positive art, and what can we do to cut down on negative art?”

**Josiah Litant (JL)** “It would have been easier if you had scripted this for us”

**Glenn Cambo (GC)** “Anyone want to start?”

**JL** How about you Glenn?”

**GC** “Okay {laughs}. Graffiti, well my perception of graffiti is just, random. Art that is placed somewhere, on public or private property, without the consent of the person who owns or takes care of that property, you know I... and whatever it is it's a masterpiece, but when it's drawn on someone else's property, I would consider that Graffiti. But you know that's how I see it. Public art now, I would think that would be with the consent and acknowledgment of whoever owns that, er, I hate to use that word “owns”, of whoever is responsible for that property.

**JL** “Makes me think that graffiti is kind of like a weed growing in your backyard, where it pops up everywhere you specifically don't want it to, and that when you try to kill it, you get more of it growing there, um, and then if you just sort of ignore it, you can actually, I don't know, you can actually learn to enjoy it, just let it grow, but the question for me is ‘Why are people graffitiing?’ and if you take like, the art space, like in the oven room, people did paint there but it didn't stop the graffiti problem, because part of the point of graffiti is, you know, what kind of statement are you making and why are you doing it where you're technically not supposed to be doing it, so if you give a designated space, people will enjoy that for arts sake, but it just

sort of, doesn't solve the problem.”

**Katie Sosin (KS)** “Um, someone was explaining to me that the purpose of graffiti was to take something that was blank and dull looking and make it beautiful. I'm not sure. But I mean, it's all based on your opinion of what's beautiful. I would say as intern, that as an intern, that my response is not as great as it is as a resident. When I see graffiti I know what to do, there's a protocol, I call someone, just like anything else, its part of my job, but um, specifically in my living space, which I think is kind of the issue here, at least why we're talking about it right now, anytime someone graffiti's in someone else's living space, there making a choice for the people who have to live there, without there consent, which to me is not just graffiti but vandalism, cause graffiti I can kind of dignify as a sort of art, I'm not sure about graffiti in the larger world, I haven't really thought about it, but graffiti in someone's home, I think is a problem”

**JL** “There's also two very different types of graffiti, you know there's, either one could be considered vandalism, sure but, you have people who are doing something, and even if you think its ugly, it's trying to be a picture, or art, or something, and then there's graffiti that's, you know, malicious and says something bad about someone, or is some sort of words that try and get a rise out of people, so there's obviously different reasons for why people do different graffiti, which is not to say that either one is, if its in your home, is desired there. But it does have different reasons behind it.”

**KS** “Yeah, I think that there is a difference between walking into,

for example, every bathroom in Dakin, and realizing that someone has purposely, purposely messed up every wall, and realizing, you know, ‘I cant read it, it's not a statement that's being made.’ If its not, not particularly attractive, I mean, than yeah, in my opinion, then it just seems malicious”

**Aliya Bonar (AB)** “Well, I feel like the tagging is more about, like, ‘oooo’ I was here, and that kind of stuff is like, ‘bathroom wall art’, you know, like, it's sort of interesting to read while I'm in the bathroom, but its not..I think its sort of selfish to have these people tagging everywhere... Okay, so there's the graffiti wall, next to the art barn, and that's supposed to be like space that's continually changing and you can paint there and they wont really paint over it until you the end of the year, but... I'm not sure what its like in other years but this year it just seems like its just all just tags and one person coming and just writing they're tag bigger than someone else, and I remember there was one time when someone actually like painted a picture, of like an elephant type animal, and it was really cool, and then the next day it was covered over with more tags. And that's just really discouraging. Cause I feel like, that sort of impromptu art and that space has that kind of art, it's just being covered over with... I don't consider graffiti art, but..I don't consider tagging an art form. I mean it's a way to sign something, but it's not an art in itself.”

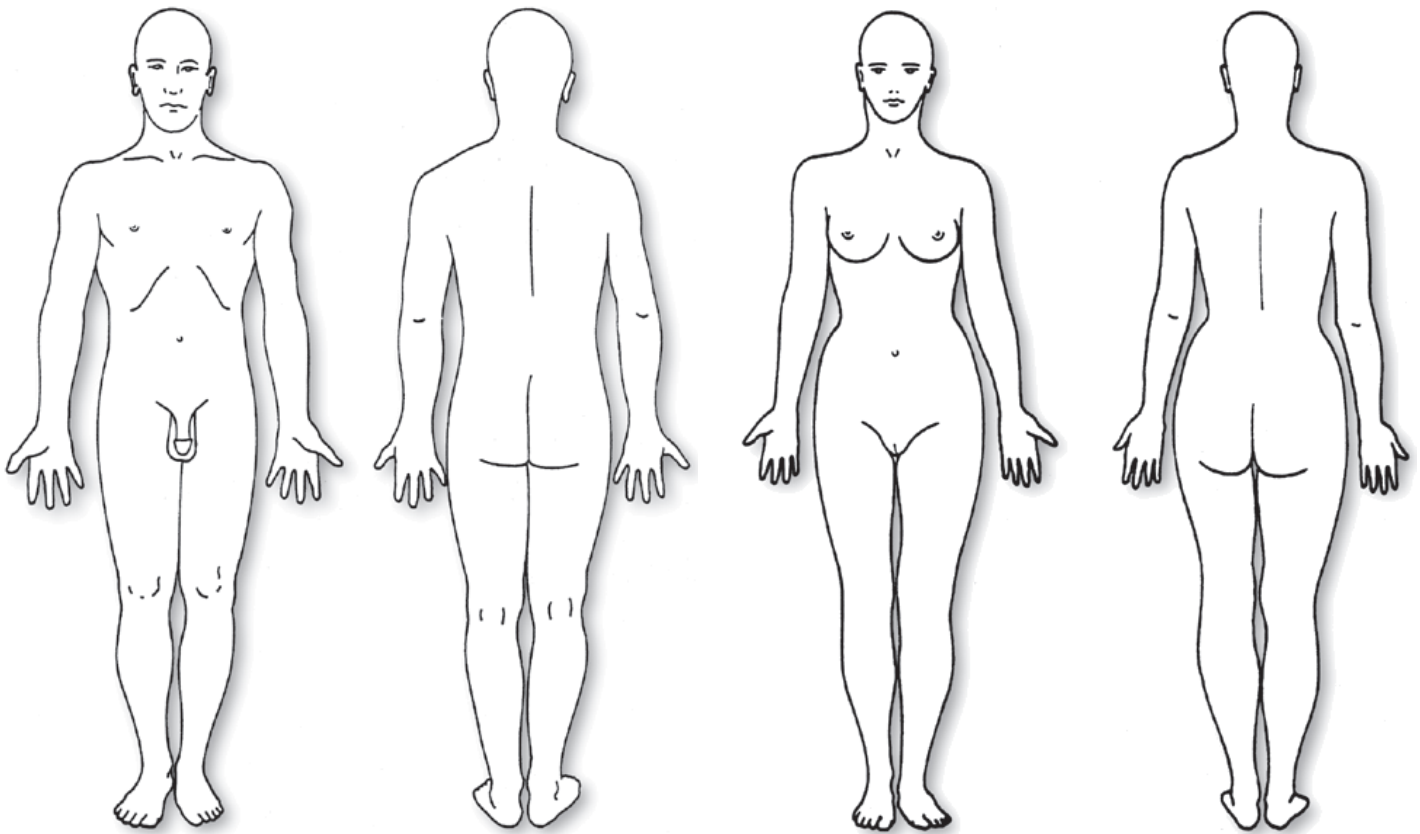
**JL** “I feel like some of it has to do with ownership too and it's an interesting sort of contradiction, when say,

*Continued on page 20*



theomen  
4  
Kidz!

theomen  
4  
Kidz!

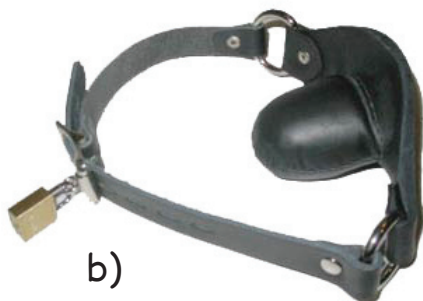


Match the sex toy to the correct orifice!



a)

d)



b)



c)



theomen  
4 Kidz!theomen  
4 Kidz!

## THE OMEN FOR KIDS PUZZLE

Find the four words hidden in the text.

Hint: The words are scrambled below if you get stuck!

B E B F U C A F P O V P  
 K B E W A R E P I J T S  
 A T O G O F A Q Y Y T E  
 G J G F O Y H T P T F D  
 E S H K H A E H Y L N J  
 N G H O M O S E X U A L  
 D B U I Q Q G N O M O C  
 A T U K A G I S P A F L  
 P M M D D A V K A K T O  
 X R G X Y C I N D B T H

ebwear

ageand

ahusmeloxo ehT

### Who will win the Race?

Circle the winner!!



Mark



Joey



N'qanda



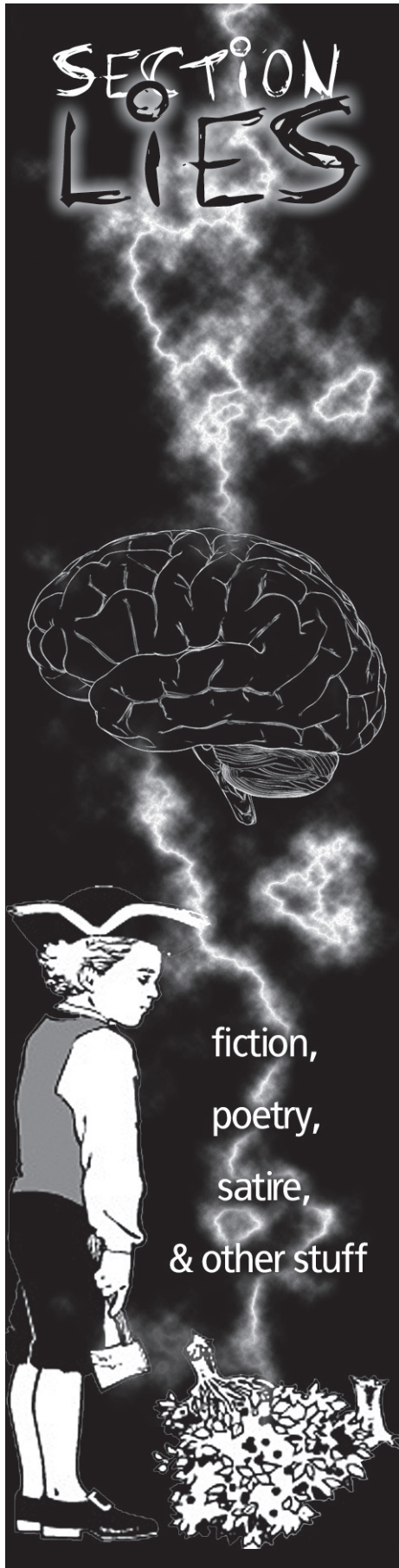
Lance

Start



Finish





# Chapter Eight

Eleanor?

Eleanor?

I remember that cold night, waiting for you inside of our home. I remember the measured, rhythmic knocks upon our cottage door. As I walked up to answer, I was met with an eerie stench that could only mean one thing. *Illverks*. When I opened the door, I saw his decomposing face, like a boiling pot of green sludge. One of his eyes, his nose, and parts of his cheeks were literally sagging off of his face. As I looked upon his body, I could see large beads of his green flesh dripping off his body and staining the ground.

“Hell—Hello. El—Eleanor?”

“Are you Tajere?” His voice was a deep, guttural croak, like the voice of any other illverk. My heart froze upon hearing it. *Dear God, it was happening.*

“Y—Yes, I am.”

“The body of your wife, Eleanor, was found near a marsh. It appears that she was murdered. We need you to identify her remains.” I let out a shrill cry.

“Near the marsh? But she went to the market. How did she end up by the swamp?”

“How should I know?” The illverk scoffed.

“Maybe she got lost,” he said, laughing.

*Maybe she got lost...*

My jaw fell open and began to quiver. My feet gave way and I collapsed onto my knees, looking up to the sky for mercy from above. When it was not forthcoming, my eyes began to water

and my lips unleashed words which must never be spoken. Then, I brought my two fists crashing against my face and curled up on the porch.

I still dream about you. I dream about being lost in an immense desert. My throat is parched with thirst and my body looks exactly how it did when you came to save me in Vondur. But, just when it seems that the last vestige of life is about to depart from me, I see a large white tower, gracing this dreadful desert with its presence. Strengthened by this discovery, I drag myself to its doors. I pound on them with my fists. They vanish, right before my eyes. I walk in and look around, but there is no one to be found. However, I spy a table, overflowing with a banquet of food and wine. I feast, and I find that it is the finest food I have ever tasted in my life. Soon I realize that even my scars and wounds are beginning to heal. After I finish, I travel upstairs and find a room with a closet containing fine silk robes. I change out of my filthy worn-out rags and continue up the next flight of stairs. Opening the doors to each room, I find them stuffed with gold coins and precious jewels. My eyes light up. I am rich. All of my problems are solved, so long as I can leave this desert. But who might live here? I continue up each flight of stairs, finding more caches of treasure, until I reach the top of the tower. Then I see you there, standing at the edge of the roof and staring out over the desert. A magnificent white gown is draped over your body. The glow of the sunset, equally as bright, shines forth just over your head.

(continued on page 18)



# A Footnote in Life

The door knew. Before anyone else. It knew. It tried to warn us with its creaks and its groans but we didn't hear it. We were too absorbed in his brilliant illusion. He was an angel. He made us believe. We wanted to believe.

But I know now what it means to believe. I believe these walls are white. I believe I'm on Haldol and Thorazine. I believe that if I try to get through that door the 300lb ex-linebacker turned angel will have me on my back faster than I can spit.

The door knew. I wish I spoke door. No one listens to you when you scream in here. They can all hear you. No one will listen. It's worse than space. It could've been prevented. I didn't listen to the door though.

He'd stalk the halls in his pseudo complications. He tried to be God. He tried to solve the world in terms of x. He was never wrong and he made us believe.

I believe.

I believe that snow angels are the corpses of murdered guardians, slain in the purest white of whites.

The door knew. For no one else did it groan or squeak but for him and him alone.

We didn't notice but we should have. We let him fill us with his lies and his vision. We saw only what he wanted us to see and beyond that we were blind. We believed.

Then something happened. It was

a day. Just a day. The day after one and before another. A day to sober all days.

He changed. Right then. If you blinked you missed it. He was scary then. Like the demon of some class A horror novel had leapt into his heart of hearts. His smile made me shiver and his words were nails on glass. All lies. All terrible untruths.

“

He would be in that room with his body, his texts and his music. He'd crush dreams. He'd solve for Y. He'd make a constant as to why your dreams would always fail. He'd use his holy formulas to believe us needed him. He became our subconscious God.

”

Suddenly I didn't believe. Nothing could make me believe. The door, it just mocked me. Pain like a reanimating limb. Pain only nothing can make better. My stomach gurgled the sound of a water bubbler when you fill a cup for too long. It was full of disbelief. I don't know how to tell you of this terrible, horrible pain. The feeling of losing your passion. Your soul. Everything. I didn't believe.

The door sneered.

I crumbled.

Why didn't I speak door?

Nothing made sense like a kamikazi in an air show. No one wants to see that happen.

I can still hear his footsteps echoing in the hall if I listen close enough.

Those slow, purposeful, awkward steps. Like he's debating what his foot will land on. Slow, confused, scary steps.

Those sounds wake me screaming into filtered unhuman air. I scream. The world hears me scream. No one listens.

He listened. That was something I don't forget. That was something that didn't change. He listened. I never told him anything. I listened back.

If you don't understand that I can't tell you anything.

Half naked he looked so fragile, so innocent almost and scared. Scared of anything more than that empty hallway. He'd greet you with a nervous pitch and nod a nod to acknowledge you were living. He would open the door and it would scream.

But I didn't speak door. Even if I did it wouldn't might've mattered. It was a door. I was a believer. Now I know what it had on me. On us. It saw inside when it was closed. When it was bolted.

He would be in that room with his body, his texts and his music. He'd crush dreams. He'd solve for Y. He'd make a constant as to why your dreams would always fail. He'd use his holy formulas to believe us needed him. He became our subconscious God. He sat on both

shoulders and only told one story. Only  
gave one side of the situation.

We believed.

I wish I spoke door.

The day after the day before. The  
same day as the day before the next. He  
changed. Hallow hate. False vision. A  
seeing eye dog of his former self. To me  
anyway.

I stopped believing.

I don't know why or how but I know.  
Suddenly I saw. I heard the door. I heard  
those footsteps. And I saw.

I stopped believing.

I know when.

I can pinpoint it to that heartbeat.

I screamed then.

He'd never heard me speak before  
then.

I knew.

Right then.

I knew.

I knew.

He took a part of me in that  
heartbeat.

He took something I didn't know  
was there but I know it's gone and I  
know it'll never come back.

I only stopped screaming when they  
gave me Haldol.

The angel had come for me.  
Delivered me from evil. For thine is the  
Kingdom, the power and the Glory now  
and forever. Amen.

I told the angels about him. About  
the man who made me believe he was  
God. God solved for z in terms of x and  
-y.

He had it all worked out.

I told them about the screaming

door.

It screamed like a rabbit.

I still don't speak door.

I told the angels not to believe. But  
they fell far far into his 60 gallon fishtank  
of plastic treasure, illusions and traps.

The door didn't bother to scream  
but it groaned.

I think it was frustrated.

I think the door was tired.

'I'm sorry!' I screamed it at that door.  
He heard my voice. He took something.  
No one listens to me when I scream  
here. No one listens like he did and I  
miss that. That scares me so I scream.  
No one listens to me scream. If I scream  
loud enough the guardians come to give  
me Haldol. Sometimes Thorazine. One  
time they gave me too much.

I shook.

Hard.

I shook hard.

I don't remember for how long I  
shook.

I didn't scream for a long time after  
that. I was too afraid.

When I shook I dreamed. I  
remembered what dreams were. But  
he was there and he walked with his  
cautious little devil steps and he smirked  
that pointy toothed grin.

The door never screamed louder.

Never.

I didn't sleep for days. It felt like  
years.

One night I wrote that I didn't  
believe on the walls until there was no  
more walls. Then I wrote until my hand  
wouldn't work. I slept.

I slept hard.

I woke up in isolation.

I screamed.

I couldn't move. No real window.

He face was everywhere.

Haunting.

Mocking.

Gloating.

I screamed into exhaustion.

Until there was nothing of me left.

Until my noise chords bled and it hurt  
that breathing was nearly unbearable.

I didn't realize how long I'd been  
screaming.

I didn't believe anymore.

He wasn't here.

He always didn't say we'd die without  
him.

We made that connection on our  
own.

He was always very very clear  
without saying a word.

When he spoke you were alive. You  
were one with him.

He made you believe.

He took...

No

He replaced your pain.

He masked it.

Because you believed.

As far as I know I'm the only one  
who stopped screaming.

The guardians protect me know.

I don't scream anymore.

If you ever see him in a doorway,  
listen to the door. The door knows. It  
will warn you if you listen.

And when it warns you, it screams  
like a rabbit.

# I Could Never Get the Hang of Thursdays:

*A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams\**

Another non-Thursday, another lack of column. It occurs to me that, despite the title of this column, I very rarely actually written my columns on Thursdays. Which leads me to today's topic of discussion: procrastination.

Procrastination is a phenomenon that affects every human being with several quasi-important tasks and a certain apathetic attitude to actually accomplishing said tasks. It also happens to be a condition about which I feel I am actually qualified to speak. Although my official profession is listed as "Writer", those of you who know anything about the writing process would likely concur that my occupation should probably be listed as "Procrastinator".

For example – I was just about to start really getting in to writing this column when, inexplicably, 'The Ride of the Valkyries' started playing on the radio. I was so thrown off by this turn of events that I had to completely cease my writing attempt and listen to it immediately. Why on earth would a radio DJ be playing 'The Ride of the Valkyries' at 10.58 in the morning? You'd think a song like that would be reserved for some monumentous point of day, when something particularly exciting was happening. Perhaps 8pm. Interesting things tend to happen around 8pm; lots of movies start around then, as well as dinners and various other gala occasions. Although, I suppose people wouldn't really be listening to the radio were they attending these said activities. So, perhaps, 'Ride of the Valkyries' would be best received were it

played an hour or so before hand, while people preparing for these activities with a shower, a shave, and a quick change of clothes. It would certainly make one feel like he was suddenly preparing for something important, as opposed to getting ready to go to another mind-bogglingly dull dinner party hosted by friends of his wife whose names he could never remember and who had a tendency to look up at him skeptically whenever he

“Procrastination is a phenomenon that affects every human being with several quasi-important tasks and a certain apathetic attitude to actually accomplishing said tasks.”

attempted to say anything at all and who never served anything that wasn't burned beyond recognition. Listening to 'Ride of the Valkyries' might just help the poor bloke to forget that he's going to spend the next hours feeling out of place and bored. It would certainly be better than listening to his wife remind him to compliment the hosts on their new foyer, as it had just been redone and the renovations had taken ages and hadn't been too costly and perhaps it would be a good idea to get the name of their interior decorator because it's been ages since anything's been done to this house and isn't it time

that hole in the wall connecting the office and the front hall was patched up...

But I digress. See? Procrastination is a dangerous thing.

What makes me curious is, why do we feel the need to procrastinate? Procrastination most often comes about when there is work to be done that one is disinclined to begin. But, even when you begin procrastinating, you know that it isn't going to help the situation. The task you're not doing is still going to be there, not getting any closer to being accomplished. If you have a deadline, it's still going to be there. You're really just being self-defeating about the whole process.

And, seriously, what are you really doing instead? Bumming about on the Internet? Taking a convenient walk to a pub when your editor phones? Attending a dinner party you'd much rather avoid? I've always found that, when I am procrastinating, I am often doing something much less important than the work I am aware I should be doing. Furthermore, there is a point at which my procrastination becomes uninteresting, to the point where I would probably be enjoying myself more were I actually doing the work I was meant to be doing. And still, I find myself more likely to completely the most useless, inane tasks before I actually get around to doing something I'm supposed to have done. (An example of this: recently, while trying once again to completely avoid rewriting a chapter of a novel that was due to my editor sometime

*Continued on next page*



in 2004, I suddenly remembered that, at one point, I was going to make a list of every single person I'd ever met and see what percentage of people I knew had names beginning with the letter A. I've always been convinced that I've known more people whose names begin with A than with any other letter, and it seemed like this would be a good way to test the theory. For the record, in case you are interested, my current calculations show that 18% of all of the people I've ever known have names beginning with the letter A. This is a significantly greater percentage than that of any other letter, although my calculations are likely a bit

off; remembering the name every single person I've ever met is extremely complicated.)

This is exactly what I mean: How is it that I can find time for an activity such as the one mentioned above and still put off balancing my checkbook, which would take far less time and be much more constructive? Unfortunately, I really don't have any sort of conclusion to this query of mine. Perhaps that's why I wrote about it; it's easier to write columns when you know you needn't come to any solid ending. I suppose that's why it's easier for writers to bang out columns than it is for us to bang out novels.

Still. If anyone has any sort of insight on the procrastination issue, you're welcome to let me know your ideas. Maybe I'll give them a look-over the next time I'm avoiding seven months worth of unopened bank statements.

\*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channeled by Rachel Rakov. Any comment, questions, or complaints may be directed to her, and she will likely look them over the next time she is disinclined to do work.



## Chapter 8 Cont.

You turn back to me and smile. I rush towards you with reckless abandon, in order to embrace you, but just as my fingers touch you, you fade away and so does the white tower, sending me to my long descent towards death. Then I wake up.

Tajere then felt a sharp thud against his head. He stiffened at the blow. His eyes shot open and his hands clutched the arms of his chair. Standing over him was Anaril.

"Are you well, Tajere? You have not spoken for quite some time. Your eyes had rolled back and you looked half-dead. I then tried to strike you to see if you were still alive."

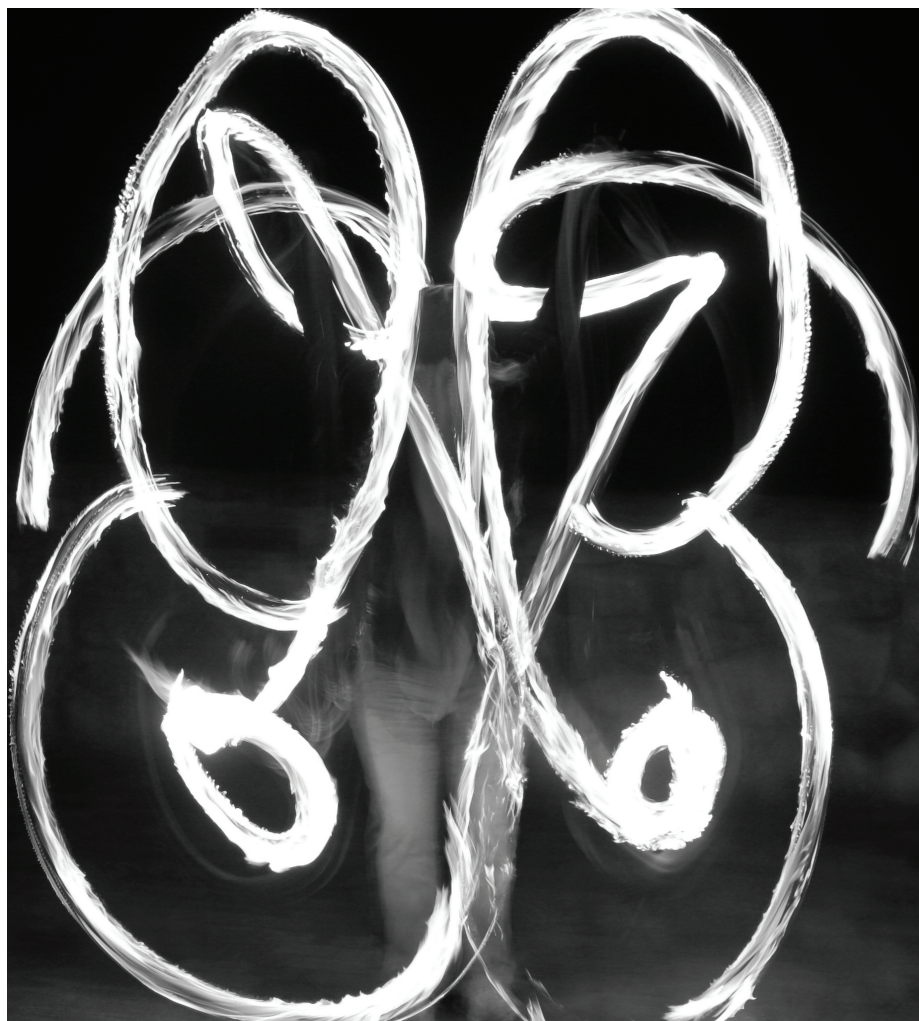
Tajere gave his head a vigorous shake.

"I think I will be all right. Where did I leave off?"

"You were still thinking of Eleanor."

"Eleanor..."

*That is the end of the story for now...*





## Name These Pictures!

Write a short, creative story about each of these pictures explaining why it is called that, and your story will be printed in the next Omen!

Either put your writing in box 0953, e-mail it to [jwl04@hampshire.edu](mailto:jwl04@hampshire.edu), or drop it off at Merrill B307.

pictures by: Kelsey Freeman





*Continued from page 11*

someone comes in and graffiti's in your hallway where you live, and so you come out as a resident and maybe you think, 'oh, crap that looks really awful, I feel ownership to this space, and now you've gone and ruined it', and yet the person whose doing it might also be doing it as a way of saying, 'I am taking some ownership', and you know, scrawling whatever it is across here, and it the same thing with someone who puts the elephant up and, you know, takes some ownership for that space, and then someone else puts something on top of that, to take ownership of that."

**AB** "Well I feel like it would be different if they, maybe this is prejudice, but if sort of added the picture, or something of that nature, but just covering it up with more tagging, then it's like...why bother"

**KS** "I think part of the problem or the issue on campus, right now, immediately is whose taking the responsibility for it, because when someone tags something, it doesn't just stay there, its not like an ownership thing is left, it's.. people like Glenn, and them having to clean it up, and people in the house office end up having to bill all these people, and those people are getting bills who aren't responsible for it, so even if the person whose doing the graffiti, or the tagging or whatever, is doing that as a way of showing ownership, they're still not taking responsibility for it by paying for it. I've known people. I mean I've known who, um.. I knew this girl who carved this really amazing design into a door, and the whole hall was being charged for it, and

she was like, 'no that was me, I'll pay for it, I just wanted to do it, and I realize I have to pay...'"

**GC** "And that's what I think, well, from my point of view, that graffiti, where I'm at now, well I'm a custodian, I work in dakin, for your readership there. We end up having to clean it up, and I just said, there's sometimes I take graffiti off, that... I mean, I like it sometimes, you know, but other people, that's their home, or, I consider it their home, and, I, you know, why should someone just come in and randomly throw something up, and as you said, not take ownership for it, and then they have to get billed for it, and you know cause the house office wants to bill people for their graffiti, because of the removal of it, and, you know, I just find that, the quicker you take it off, I think the less apt there is to be more graffiti, or... tagging, I don't really know the difference. I mean, there's some graffiti that I think is great, but if you just left it all there I don't know where it would end, and it just encourages more and more, where, I think, my perception of an open artist space is someplace where it was, you know, somewhat controlled, some kind of procedure..."

**JL** "But isn't that what graffiti's all against? You know, 'this is the space where I'm not supposed to do it, that's why I'm going to do it. That's the problem'"

**KS** "Well I think, on the outside world, that there's something, maybe kind of radical about that, and its interesting to look at, you know cause you're going... we make the argument that this is something that people in the community are going to have to look at all the time, but

what about advertisements? You know thats something that people in the community have to look at all time and we didn't ask for that..."

**AB** "Ask for advertisements? " {laughter}

**KS** "...and they didn't ask for those advertisements to be there, just like we didn't ask for graffiti, and I think there's a difference, we're not looking at advertisements in our home, and its kind of a crazy comparison, but, it is someone's home. People know that that graffiti is going to be erased, and people know that. People know that, well, I'd say at least for the people that I've talked to, that people don't want it. I'm not going to speak for everyone, but there's something about, could you if you wanted to make a statement, do that in flyers? Because those are going to be taken down just as fast as the graffiti. I mean, obviously that's in defense."

**GC** "If they use ...indelible marker, that makes it a lot harder, if it was just water based marker, it would be easier, it has less permanence."

**AB** "But then its like...that's sort of the difference between, 'oh shoot, I accidentally got some marker on the wall' and 'I'm going to write something on the wall that they're not going to be able to take off.' I was thinking about sort of the structure of Hampshire... I mean, I know graffiti is sort of a worldwide problem, or, okay, I wouldn't say that..."

**JL** "Along with hunger." {laughter}

**AB** Ok, but, it extends beyond Hampshire, but Hampshire itself, you know, the idea that, 'We can do whatever we want,' it goes with this sort of inspired art, all this stuff, why do we need canvases, why do we



need certain spaces that define art? Why can't this table be art? And so, that sort of invites, it invites kind of random artwork, like the sock puppet"

**KS** "But I think the difference is, as much as I'm part of Hampshire college, I don't own physically any part of it, because the people who come in after me are going to have to come in and use this space and its materials, and despite the fact that we're here, and paying all this money, it's not going to my... it doesn't give me the right to destroy. And people who are going to feel like it's okay, to and to vandalize anything in anyway..."

**KS** it's just not being part of the community

**JL** And you brought up a good point, I guess the thing that upsets me about graffiti on campus, and particularly on a campus this size where you know everybody, who its going to effect, whose going to have to clean it. You know, you want to make your're statement, and I might feel one way or another about that, but, what really concerns me is, you want to make your statement, and you say, 'I'm going to tag every single bathroom stall in Dakin, knowing that its going to impact, everyone who lives there, everyone who lives there and maybe not liking it, AND that the custodians will have to clean it, the painters will have to clean it, that money will have to go to that, I don't know how people could feel okay about that, about knowing that your causing someone else, to do more work. And people say, "My custodian is just emptying trash shit, but of course not, he's cleaning up graffiti on the wall.' And I think its that issue for me, of knowing who

you're effecting in the community."

**KS** "And not just that but I wonder, you know, what sort of statement are you making with that."

**GC** "I wanted to know what that symbol meant, whatever it was."

**JL** "That's the worst when you can't read the damn thing!" {laughter}.

**GC** "It's almost like someone sending me a message."

**AB** "I've been noticing, a lot of graffiti ON flyers, and then its like, 'okay, we're not writing on the walls', but then ask someone who worked really hard to put up a bunch of posters. Its frustrating that they get ripped down in the first place, and then to have someone... you know... its not as serious as the wall but..."

**GC** "But you put effort into your poster, just like you put effort into putting them up, and you paid money to get them printed. And you're living in that hall, you don't know who did it, and it might not even be anyone who lives in that building! That what randomly gets me, all these people have to put up with it, if they like it or don't like it. I was talking about the indelible stuff, cause we have this paint thinner, and there are other people who have to come up and smell that, and I've had people come to me and tell me "There are other people who they might be sensitive to chemicals', but then, its gotta come off so, what do you do?"

**JL** "When I was a student, I felt like this was my home. I've felt like this was my home. But you know, lets say you go out and graffiti in an alley... you wouldn't go into your own home, and, you know, graffiti on your wall. And then it comes to this issue of, you know, art versus destruction of something. It makes me think, you

know, why are people... why is are people having such an easy time just graffitiiyng this place, is it because its an institution, or, because, 'I'm paying to be here so I own part of it', or 'It's a college, its not really my home', but I feel like... this is home to people, some people, and I wouldn't come into your home and write big things on your wall, but maybe there's this whole thing of the college setting and that's where it comes from.

**KS** "No, and you just have to wonder whose offended by that."

**AB** "And we all agree it shouldn't be there. But, how do we stop it."

**JL** "I guess, not that people who did it are going to come forward and say, 'Hey, I'm the guy that did all this.'

**AB** "Nor are they going to read this and be like, 'You're right.'

**JL** "Right, right, exactly. And we all know that, you know it shouldn't be there, right, but I'd like to know more about the people who are doing it, and their reasons..."

**GC** "I'd like to know from the people who did the graffiti, more about their reasons behind it."

**JL** "Come forward!" {laughter}

**GC** "I'd love to know, I don't know what it was, kind of looked like a musical note, but what was the message."

**JL** "And why are they doing it there, and in that way."

**GC** "And why are they doing it so often, you know, they did 50 bathrooms in one night, overnight, and I leave, Thursday it was fine, Friday I came in and it was in almost every stall and sink I was just curious, is there a message, what where they trying to say? Cause I want to know, Blue ink, did they run out of black ink? I want to know"

**KS** “Yeah, and I think I want to be clear, at least for myself, I honestly am not against graffiti, and I don’t want to delegitimize that, but I think its important to think about graffiti, and have conversations about it, it’s premature to do that, but I think specifically here, there are a lot of problems, outside of graffiti and outside of someones home and I think its premature to do that.”

**Jacob** “What was, you started something, or I heard that you two were starting some new hall watch?”

**KS** “Project Erase! {laughter} Project erase, -----basically designed and runned by residents from Dakin, we had a meeting, we basically invited all of community, So we had a group of students, who showed up and expressed concerns, and then talked about, and we realized that maybe there was nothing we could do to stop the graffiti but that that we invariably wanted to condemn it and work at stopping it, as communities. So project erase is like a day where there will be a sign up sheet on every hall, and that hall can sign up, and if you get six or more signatures for a hall, that hall becomes a watch area, and they can design a neon poster that says, you know, “G2 doesn’t want you hear, vandalizing, and if we see it, you know we’ll call the police, people who are committed to doing this”. Not everyone is responsible for doing that, but people who sign, you know, they have made a commitment to doing that, so that hall, and halls don’t have to sign up, but it is an opportunity for a hall to own that space and to take control it. So we’re also hoping that, maybe, possibly, convincing some people of changing village policies, to free

halls of responsibilities if they call public safety within an hour. We’ll do that, but the second thing is just, its really really tentative so...thats the anti-vandalism thing thats going on.”

**JL** “It brings up, for me, the issue for me of students taking ownership of the space that they live in. Thats something that, when I, my 315 years that I spent in Dakin house, thats something we tried to talk to them about, about how to encourage more open community spaces, and it kind of becomes a dialogue about being in the dormitories. You know you walk through hallways, it feels like a very institutional, which it is, complex, and so people only feel ownership over their room, but not... other spaces. But some halls are really bonded, you know they feel like that’s their mod , their home. Others come and go in their room, ‘I don’t have anything to do with the rest of it’. How do you create that sense of community so that if someone does come down at 3am, screaming really loud, writing on the walls, people as a whole can say, you know, ‘Get out of here, we don’t want you here, as a hall, this is our home’. “

**KS** “No one would ever go into anyone’s mod bathroom and do that, so why is any different?”

**GC** “What about their home, where they grew up?”

**AB** “Wait, there’s no graffiti in the mods?”

**GC** “I don’t know, I don’t work in the mods constantly, but... not the quantity”

**KS** “Yeah, the doors into the donuts maybe, in Greenwich, but I’ve never seen graffiti, you know, in someone’s actual mod.”

**GC** “Maybe in people’s individual rooms.”

**KS** “Nothing thats like, 50 bathrooms, nothing systematic.”

**JL** “It’s frustrating. As a college employee, and maybe you can speak to this too Glenn, because you know on one hand, for whatever reason, students, you know for whatever reasons want to express their ideas and I want to support that, and I think that was the whole idea, to use the example of the oven room, was that we said, how could we support your needs? Whether or not that works. We want to find ways to support it. At the same time last year, one of my top goals with the buildings as my responsibility was to really go through on a weekly or daily basis and you know say, this light is out, this is stained, this need to be repainted. To try to keep up with that, particularly with a college, you know... after five years you’ve really started to invest in refurbishing these spaces. For me personally you know my goal was to have it be a space as could for students who live there. So if some paint gets chipped, you know, get it painted right away, don’t wait till the end of the year, and you know, custodians are great at that sort of thing too, A, its going against what you tried to do to make it a nice space, and then B, someone is going to have to spend there time doing that instead of further improving the quality of life in the building.”

**GC** “What it is now, it’s like day and night, I’ve been in the building for about eight years, and what it is now, from those eight years, now that they’ve been doing this renovation, with those blue dividers, I mean it just makes it look better, but what

you were talking about supporting people with their art, I always found, you know, it is institutional, but, there's so many spaces that could be utilized, I mean just look at the stairwells. You know I like art, I like looking at things all the time, I don't like looking at blank walls. I always thought it would be cool if people could put art on stairwells. You know that's an open space, but then, for me, there's the whole issue of you know where's it going to start where's it going to stop."

**AB** "I did that, I put up some artwork in our stairwell and it was a fire hazard, so I moved it to the lounge, where it was 'art'."

**JL** "You basically wonder if there was a way that people could get together and you know, have some people from the house office say, here's what's permissible by you know our standards, and then have the students say, look hears what I would like for a community art space, I would like corkboard in the stairwell that we could paint, or this or that that we could paint, and you know to have a conversation like that, where people can be open and honest and say, "yes, I graffiti", but of course people aren't going to say that because they feel like they're going to get in trouble, but the fact is, if you want to try and address this issue, you have to have representation from all different sides."

**KS** "Yeah and right now this conversation is happening between four different people who, for different reasons, kind of feel similarly. The other thing is, I look at the oven room, and I remember because I was the intern who like, tapped off the oven room, and put

up signs in the beginning of the year, and was like, okay here's some paint, here's some markers, here's a nice big plastic sheet, and tape it down, and this is what you can do with it. If you look at the oven room now, people can't cook in it. Its unusable, its been destroyed, and I wonder, how can we make spaces, like the oven room, that will be utilized, and utilized respectfully. Because now, we're not able to cook in the oven room, and you know, what's the point of the oven room if you're not able to cook in it? It's so dirty, it's so disgusting, that we've had to shut it down and re-do the whole thing."

**JL** "Also, you think people would realize, that, you know if the college is saying, here, we want to try and give you an outlet for this. We give you this, but you go and go crazy with it, and destroy it, well then we're not going to keep trying to give those things. When you get down to it, they have the colleges, they have the students in mind, but you know they have the colleges interest in mind. And so its like, now that option is destroyed for everyone. And if that space had worked, people could have done anything they wanted to on that wall, but instead people took it, and you know, painted the food inside the refrigerator, and you know, that's the end of that."

**GC** "Because that's somebody else's property"

**JL** "Right"

**GC** "But, I'm kind of more liberal in terms of the artwork, you know... I like it. I've seen some of 'em, some of the halls, they used to have paint on, not on the windows but they'd use those washable things on the sliders {chuckles} and they'll use

it in their bathrooms and on their mirrors, which, you know... it's something."

**KS** Yeah, that's not harmful at all

**GC** Right, it comes off easy.

**JL** "But even that, that sounds to me like a good compromise, I don't see any problem with erasable stuff, I remember last year there were some students who would write on their refrigerator, and when I was doing my walk through, I would check and see if it was erasable and say, hey, as long as they clean it at the end of the year, that's fine, its erasable. Because I understand, everything looks very institutional. You cant have anything on your walls in your hallway, and maybe there's a way we could put up some cork-boards, and have an exception. I feel like right now, where its either all one way or all the other, that's not satisfying to anyone."

**KS** "Yeah, I think that's... that's the problem."

**JL** "Yes, that's the problem."

**KS** "You just named it, Josiah Litant."

**JL** "I named it Josiah Litant?"

{laughter}

**AB** "We solved world peace!"

**JL** "And world hunger. Don't forget hunger."

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*If you have any ideas for Control Panel topics, or would like to participate in one yourself, The Omen will gladly accept your ideas and your voice. E-mail [jwl04@hampshire.edu](mailto:jwl04@hampshire.edu), visit Merrill B307, or write to box 953.*



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